And am moſt ſenſible in griefe for it,
It ſhall as levell to your judgement peare
As day does to your eye. *A noiſe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares ſeven times ſalt
Burne out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madneſſe ſhall be paid with waight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May!
Deare maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You muſt ſing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his Maſters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophel. There's Roſemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for you, and here's ſome for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a Daſie: I would give you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my father died; they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to favour and to prettineſſe.

Ophel. And will a not come againe, *Song.*
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,

Flaxen